THE

Hindu Message

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from the Hindu Standpoint.

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THE HINDU MESSAGE stands for
(1) Self-Government for India within the British Commonwealth,
(2) Co-operation with the different communities of India without prejudice to Hindu Dharma,
(3) Education of the Hindus as an integral part of the Indian Nation,
(4) Advancement of Material prosperity on a spiritual basis and
(5) Dissemination of pure Hindu Culture.

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A Vision of India.

INDIA'S PLACES OF PILGRIMAGE
AMRITSAR:

BY K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI, B.A., B.L.,

The golden temple shines upon our gaze.
O sanctum of Sikhs lionlike in heart!
Who sees thee seeks to play a worthy part
In life and tread with joy heroic ways.
Here midst the nectar-lake the Sikh's heart prays
With love which doth new power to arms impart
With reverent thoughts, love and hence depart
And bear in heart a glory's shining trace.
Ah here has fructified a blessed seed
Borne by faith's fragrant and unresting breeze
From Vedic fruit which Times explosive force
Hath oped. Here godward dream and valiant deed
Have brought to man combined great power and peace
And taught glad ceaseless touch with God the source

॥ श्रीः ॥

॥ श्रीशारदाभुजङ्गम् ॥

By **H. H. The Jagadguru of Sringeri.**

कदा वा सुधाकुम्भपुस्ताक्षमाला-
विबोधाख्यमुद्राः कराब्जैर्दधाना ।
मुखश्रीपराभूतपूर्णेन्दुबिम्बां
सदा त्वां स्मरन्वीतशोको भवेयम् ॥ १९ ॥

कदा तुङ्गभद्रासरित्तीरदेशे
चरन्तीं समुत्तुङ्गकल्याणदात्रीम् ।
सदा भावयंस्त्वां मुदा यापयेयं
मदायुर्मदेभेन्द्रयानेऽम्ब वाणि ॥ २० ॥

कराब्जेऽक्षमालां वहन्तीं सदा त्वां
भजन् भृङ्गकीटप्रकारेण मातः ।
करे मेऽक्षमालां करोम्येव नूनं
परं त्वन्मनस्त्वं सदा देहि मह्यम् ॥ २१ ॥

दृशौ दर्शने ते करौ पूजने स्तां
श्रुती त्वच्चरित्रश्रुतौ वाक्स्तुतौ स्यात् ।
शिरस्त्वत्पदाब्जप्रणत्येकसक्तं
भवत्याम्बिके ध्यानसक्तं मनो मे ॥ २२ ॥

भुजङ्गप्रयाताख्यवृत्तेन क्लृप्तां
स्तुतिं ये नरा भक्तियुक्ताः पठन्ति ।
सुविद्यां मतिं निर्मलां चारुकीर्तिं
प्रयच्छाम्ब तेषां भुजङ्गाभवेणि ॥ २३ ॥

Events of the Week

Coming in the wake of the Kerala and the Bihar floods, the havoc wrought in the districts of Vizagapatam by the cyclone and the floods is heartrending. Readers will have grasped from the daily sheets the full extent of the dire calamity that has betaken the inhabitants of those regions. A wide area of about 300 square miles has been seriously affected. The Bengal-Nagpur Railway and the Calcutta-Madras line have been breached at several places and at a modest estimate damages to property are computed to come to 50 lacs of rupees. Telegraph communications have been interrupted. Several cases of loss of human life are reported though the number is not yet definitely known. Villages and houses have been destroyed and crops have been laid low. The local Congress Committee has with commendable alacrity organised a relief committee and it is to be hoped the public will generously help in the humanitarian task.

* * *

Amidst our multifarious humiliations in Kenya, in South Africa, in all parts of the Empire, there is solace, however small, says the "Hindu," to discover that there still are in England a few whose standard of value between man and man is not shaped on the junkerist pattern. The following incident is related in a special cable to the *Times of Ceylon* dated the 8th of November: A severe rebuke was administered at the London Sessions by Sir Robert Wallace, when a juryman raised the question of racial colour in connection with an Indian prosecutor. "It is scandalous to raise such a point" he said, "in a British Court of Justice" Sir Robert Wallace ordered the offending juryman to leave the box. One swallow may not make a number but it is enough, adds the *Hindu*, to make one wish and dream.

* * *

A Reuter's telegram dated Constantinople, November 24, says:—With reference to the rumours regarding the Caliphate, Fethi Bey in a statement says that no Caliphate question has been settled by the Assembly. The appointment of Caliph appertains to the Assembly alone, inasmuch as the Caliphate is inseparable from the Turkish Republic and derives its support from it. "The Turkish Republic has absolutely nothing to do with other Moslems, and cannot surrender this right, which is directly our own, to any one else."

* * *

It is not easy to see exactly what Fehti Bey is driving at. No body of Non-Turkish Moslems have yet expressed any desire to have a voice in the internal affairs of the Republic. There is no reason to apprehend any such idea in the mind of Non-Turk Moslems. But the question of the Caliph stands on a different footing however: and now that there has been a separation of spiritual and temporal functions, it is hardly understandable how Fethi Bey could have lent himself to the expression of sentiments which ignore the undoubted right of the unnumbered Moslems, who do not owe any allegiance to the Turkish Republic but who have a vital interest in the question of the Caliphate. It is incredible that the triumphant Nationalism of Turkey could seek to ignore those external forces which had their own share in enuring that justice which even if tardily she got from the Allies.

* * *

At the Financial Conference attended by Finance Members from the various provinces and presided over by Sir Basil Blackett which was held last week in Delhi, Sir Basil dwelt among other subjects on the paramount necessity of federal finances and inter-provincial cooperation. Since his arrival in India he had felt that the question of the evolution of federal finance was not receiving the attention it deserved. It was primarily the concern of the Finance Members and their secretaries, but he thought it affected every branch of their detail of work right down to the bottom. The main thing to do was to move deliberately and move together towards a goal which they had chosen and defined by agreement with one another. Another point was the attempt by various Provinces to steal a march over the others. Sir Basil emphasised that they must give up this narrow outlook and realise that the major interests must of necessity be the interests of India as a whole. This was a convenient way of saying that the Provinces hit by the Meston award ought to grin and bear and not, fired by the partiality shown to Bengal, press their claims, all equitable though they might be, on the Central Government. He called this a predatory policy, by way of frightening the restive provinces and said that it led to reprisals until every one was involved in the game. He spoke on the matter, we are assured, in all seriousness and observed that these times were far too critical and the issues which they must deal with now and in the next few years were far too numerous, to admit of their being divided even in small matters against themselves.

* * *

The reader will not have forgotten the delightful sentence in the White Paper on Kenya in which the primary duty of the Colonial Government is said to be "the advancement of the African and it is incumbent upon them (the Colonial Government) to protect him from an influx of immigrants from any country that might tend to retard his economic development." And the Governor of Kenya was then authorised, on his return to the Colony to draw up an immigration bill in consultation with the Governor of Uganda. It was then pointed out in the press of this country that this was only a clever ruse for prohibiting Indian immigration to the Colony. Since then Dr. Sapru made a manful effort, not indeed to revise the Kenya decision but somehow to jockey the Colonial Office into accepting to enquire into the Kenya question if somewhat surreptitously. Meanwhile Sir Robert has not been idle and has forged an effective instrument—it only wants the sanction of the Colonial Office in collaboration with the India Office—to shut the Colony against any further influx of the hated Indian.

* * *

According to a Reuter's telegram of November 24, there has been published in Kenya an ordinance for the regulation of immigrants. It provides, says Reuter, not only for the control of immigration on general lines, but is also based on economic grounds, chiefly for safeguarding the interests of the native. The Bill provides for a new department, also a Board at Nairobi, on which there will be representatives of the Native Department, the European and Indian communities. Immigrants will be prohibited, who have no visible means of support and who are likely to become a public charge. Those suffering from insanity, disease and other such like maladies, will also be prohibited. One clause in particular lays down that any person desiring to bring an employee into the Colony must first satisfy the authorities that he is unable to obtain in the Colony itself an employee who would be suitable, and also the immigrant must satisfy the authorities that he is a desirable person and, if necessary, make a cash deposit before being allowed to enter. If the immigrant desires to carry on trade, business or other occupation, authorities must first be satisfied that an opening exists for such trade and that it is in the interests of the Natives that such trade be undertaken.

* * *

Viscount Goschen, who has been announced as the successor to Lord Willingdon in the Governership of Madras, is the son of that Goschen whom Randolph Churchill said he had forgotten. Of the first Lord Goschen Lord Morley said that he "combined the large views of Liberal Oxford with the practical energy of the city of London, added to a strong fibre given him by nature" and even he, with his reformist ardour, settled finally into all the ways of Toryism. Of his son, the governor-designate, nothing is known which inclines us to think that he will in any way be able to cope with the many problems in the Presidency, which Lord Willingdon, with his genius for hatching conventions, has very much embroiled. A third-rater, he will have abundant sympathy in advance.

The Hindu Message

The Vote and its Moral.

The Madras Ministers narrowly escaped a well-deserved castigation yesterday. Leaving aside the nominated official or non-official votes cast in their favour, which ought not to have been, the result is a moral defeat for them; the only way to escape wherefrom is for the ministers to resign—if they have any respect for the decencies of politial warfare. That is not from the very nature of the party system as it exists in the local Council to be expected. This interesting state of things is worth a moment's examination. We hold that there is no party in the local Council, in the sense in which the party system is understood in the Empire. And as we are not assured the small number of Swarajya party councillors have either the stamina, or, in spite of their protestations, a deep hold on political principles, the evolution of a party system in this Council is not a near possibility in our opinion. We do not wish to be dogmatic. Some of the place-hunters who have now been defeated may possibly whip up some degree of enthusiasm and even go the length of forming an opposition but all such attempts are bound to fail so long as there are no clear principles differentiating them from those—not the party—who hold office as the ministry. To some extent we think this incapacity to evolve a *real* opposition appeals to all the legislatures in this country. The Party is "a political institution whose professed object is the discovery and expression of the will of the body politic." Prof. Macy writes: In the United States, and in the various states of the British Empire, distinct party Government exists; legislation administration, and to a limited extent judicial processes, are in the hands of men who feel joint responsibility as members of a political party. Neither in the central legislatures where the Executive is wholly irremoveable or in the Provincial legislatures where there is the monstrous system of dyarchy which keeps off from the purview of the ministry the essential elements of administration are the conditions favourable to the formation of a political party system or the growth of a sense of responsibility which is its inevitable accompaniment. The party in power, we further read, is accountable to the entire people, and this responsibility is enforced by the presence of a rival party equally united and established, equally organised, whose duty it is to watch the conduct of the party in office, to expose its defects, to criticise its policy, and in case of its failure to fulfil the general will to displace the delinquent Government and assume its responsibilities. Judged by this test it will be seen that Mr. C. R. Reddy's motion never had a chance of success as it was only the work of a discontented faction, which had neither a more liberal programme nor loftier principles than the faction it sought to displace. Another and technical reason why we incline to the view that there is no party in the local Council but only factions is the truth that "an essential characteristic of any sort of bi-party government is the fusion of political and party office." A glance at the ministerialist party *vis a vis* the S. I. L. F. to which they belong will show up the pretensions to the ministry. The acknowledged leader of the Party is not the head of the Ministry. Party and faction, said Lord Boling-broke, are both bad: but he conceded that the party at least professed to seek the commonweal and that under certain conditions it may be wisely used, while he accounted faction wholly selfish and evil. It is this wholly selfish and evil element that dominates the local legislature. The nearest parallel to this state of things we can hit upon is to be seen in the second term of President Grant's administration, when there occurred a great popular uprising, according to Prof. Macy, against the party in power. The organisation had become united and compact under the control of office-holders, and there were revelations of serious official corruption in high places. The result was in the elections of 1874, President Grant was cashiered. The Grant method of securing unity in party leadership, therefore, proved a failure. It harmonised the office-holders, but drove the voters into opposition. Here, however, while the voters have been driven into opposition, it has not at all harmonised the office-holders or rather those who think they have a right to expect office. In the result, therefore, we are not sorry that the Ministers have had a technical

victory. The moral is twofold. It is for the brilliant if erratic Mr. C. R. Reddy to commune within himself on the possibilities of success if he had stood at the elections on an understandable political platform: and it is also for the voters to recognise how between two competing factions, dyarchy is bringing them solace.

"Back to Nagpur"?

Now that the elections with their excitement and the raising generously of the controversial dust are at an end or approaching the end, it is time the country settles to a more serious censideration of the problem that lies before it. There are barely four weeks befour our great national organisation meets at Cocanada : and unless in the meanwhile all the pros and cons of the possible solutions are discussed and a reasonable decision arrived at, the probabilities are that at Cocanada the Congress and with it the country, may once again stand hypocritically committed to a crude course of action. For whatever the faults of the no-changers, there is no denying that in that camp at any rate there are no strugglers, no waverers, no light half-believers of casual political creeds : and as often happens in deliberative assemblies the man who knows his mind dominates the proceedings to the disadvantage and the discredit of men abler in every way than he. That this has not received consideration must be clear to all unbiassed observers. No apology is needed to revert to this problem. As even Lajpat Rai has been forced to admit the whole programme of non-co-operation was dominated by the childish thought of "Swaraj in one year". This involved not a serious examination of the issues at stake but a rapid, short-thoughted (if we may use the term) evolution of the means whereby that thought may be rendered a reality It is not to be questioned that rampant Dyerism and the tactless mishandling both at Simla and Whitehall of the subsequent situation had loosened a flood of indignation never before witnessed in the land, which one of the most dyanmic personalities in our recent politics sought to yoke to a bold play to storm the fortresses of foreign authority in the country. Beyond that it did not go : and as the reader who has cared to follow the searching examination of the N. C. O. programme so often undertaken in these columns will admit, it was based on an imperfect understanding of the problem ; and the programme fizzled out after some hectic fever in the soul of the people and some amount of inconvenience to the Government. And now that N. C. O. is sought to be directed into another channel of activity, to use C. R. Das's charitable words, the very extensive machinery is almost crumbling down. In spite of these facts and the increasing distrust of the common people in doctrinaires and fanatics—for politics has more than religion its fill of these men—there are some who believe that all that is required to create a new era in this country is to revert to the unity and enthusiasm of 1920, so artificial as even that was. As anybody can see there is hardly any basis for such illusions, but most of our politicians will not have their illusions exorcised.

Following Mr. Mahomed Ali, our Salem Mahatma has sounded the note of "Back to Nagpur" in his presidential address at the Bijapur Provincial Conference. Whether this is only an excursion from the retirement or "furlough" originally contemplated by Mr. Rajagopalachari there is no means of ascertaining. But everybody will agree that the re-entry of Mr. C. R. with his usual shibboleth of faithfulness to the letter that kills is of ill-omen to clarity of political thinking in the country and with it shuts the door to an effective compromise with the various forces in our politics wherein alone lies the possibility of ordered progress. Mr. C. R. Chari's address is wholly devoted to an examination of the situation that has arisen as a result of the Delhi compromise and an examination of the Swarajist's creed. And he decides that while the Swarajist's N. C. O. is not even the ghost of Gandhian non-co-operation, India's salvation lies only in a determined pursuit of the orthodox Gandhian creed and as a preliminary to it, a steadfast clinging to the Nagpur or what is more appropriate to the Bardoli programme. It cannot be denied that in these accents, not Mr. Chari alone but the bulk of orthodox non-co-operators speak. Whatever the apparent resemblance of obstruction to N. C. O. there is not the least doubt that the participation of an important group of Congressmen deals a death-blow to Gandhian non-co-operation : and consequently it is perfectly intelligible that those who want to stick to it must revert to their old position. There is however no good in disguising from the country the fact that the stale and humdrum Bardoli programme, necessary as it may be in its own limited way, can hardly hold its own against the exciting Swarajist programme, provided it is worked by men who have political and intellectual—a different thing from personal courage—; and unless a dramatic touch is given it, the Bardoli programme has not the slightest chance of enlisting any great support or public enthusiasm on its side.

The true fact, however, which every publicist and responsible individual ought to bear in mind is that neither non-co-operation nor its more showy counterfeit, obstruction, is based on any reasoned appreciation of the malady of the country and the actualities of its politics. Foreign government may be—and is—an unmitigated evil, but the question is, as a contemporary puts it : Is it the cause or the consequence of our present deplorable condition ? Our contemprorary proceeds to discuss the answer and the solution in language which it were idle to seek to transcribe in word other than its own. Says he :—Our answer is: it is both and neither. India lost her moorings and her people degenerated before the foreign government could fasten its tentacles upon us and after it had once succeeded in establishing its hold upon us, it naturally sought to plunge us deeper down into that abyss. Foreign domination is, thus, both the cause and consequence of our present misfortunes and the only way to meet it is to go to the root and try to add to the vitality of the Nation. We as a nation are too poor and too uneducated to be engaged in any fight-to-the-finish campaign and even though we may not be believing with Lord Morely that all progress is based on compromise, common sense would tell us that it is the only path open to us. On the one hand we are too poor for a sustained struggle and on the other we

are political helots in our own country. And the two re-act upon one another. While, therefore, we want to improve our economic and educational position, and the absence of political power acts as a bar to the full realisation of our efforts in that direction, our efforts at getting this political power are unfruitful or only partially fruitful because of our educational and economic position. It is, thus, a vicious circle in which we have fallen and we cannot escape from it by any heroic gesture. There is only one way to do it and that is to boldly face the situation and seek to break the vicious circle by a simultaneous and what is more, a sustained attack at both its vulnerable points. And unless we do it there is no salvation for us.

The need for a vigorous and sustained attack against the government in all its manifold and unnumbered points of contact with us is therefore what is needed. And as we often cried ourselves hoarse, it is only political imbecility and moral cowardice to seek to ignore the Councils. We hope therefore at Cocanada the Congress will set its seal of approval on a campaign which would necessitate the bifurcation of our offensive plans. One section may be left free to apply its pressure on the Government through the recognised modes of political action, without engendering a narrow proscriptive spirit in that other section who may push on with the ameliorative programme that is embodied in the "Back to Bardoli" slogan. Unless the ancient and fatal vice of the race is to conquer us, namely our centripetal tendencies, this seems the only course open to us. And we earnestly pray that it may be given to the great gathering at Cocanada to see the truth and act accordingly.

Literary and Educational.

A Great Englishman—John Morley.

By L. V. Subrahmaniya Aiyar, B.A.

(continued.)

As man of letters. Let us now turn to Morley the man of letters. It is probable that in the days to come he will be better known and rank higher as the author of several masterpieces in English Literature and as a great critic, than as Irish or Indian Secretary. Early in life he was consumed with the passion of seeking distinction in literature and it was this ambition that carried him to London where he occupied for a long time "modest chambers at Holborn." The literary instinct and the critical faculty in him were early exercised and developed by his journalistic work. As his experience of men and things widened and his powers of expression and criticism developed, to their fullest extent, he, impelled by that irresistible longing for self-expansion, which only great minds feel, set himself to the production of that splendid literature associated with his name, which is, as varied and interesting in instruction, as it is admirable and excellent in literary craftsmanship.

Morley regarded literature not as a "charm in distraction" or as a fashionable hobby to be indulged in during the idle hours of leisure but as something far greater, nobler and more valuable. To him Literature was "the expression of passion, emotion and feeling caused by a sensation of the interestingness of life." The study of it is more wholesome and effective, in its influence on our character for good, than the most fervent appeals of the preacher or the powerful denunciations of the Moralist. Nothing he regarded as more calculated to enrich and ennoble our impoverished experience of life, nothing more capable of enabling us to live a fuller and intenser life than Literature, its study and pursuit. He pursued literature with extraordinary zest and admirable industry and his life may be aptly characterised as a happy alternation between two great and distinct departments of human life, literature and politics.

Most of his works,—and they are a great many—were composed in the intervals of a long and busy political life. It is impossible to deal with them in detail in this short paper. Only a brief reference of some of the most important of them is possible. His special field of literature is the political biography. Oliver Cromwell, Burke, Cobden and Walpole, form a group of excellent political biographies hardly equalled in the whole realm of English Literature for their knowledge of facts, sympathetic dealing with even alien personalities, and their remarkable literary worth. They will ever remain as models of the short political biography, terse, graceful and most skilful in the distribution of light and shade. His "Life of Gladstone" requires some special notice. None else was better qualified to write this great work—this tribute of affection and admiration to the great liberal Prime Minister. In those glowing pages, the grand figure of "the great Christian" with a face which it is said no one who saw would forget, looking stern and confident, the hero of a nation's affections ; now holding the House of Commons spell-bound by his matchless oratory, now, swaying the minds of millions of his countrymen by sheer force of personal magnetism, and the gift of eloquence,—now in his cool country house felling trees surrounded by an admiring crowd—now, in his silent study pouring out his great heart through letters to his friends, is depicted with a rare vividness power and literary skill. His life of Gladstone is undoubtedly a classic, and not unworthy of Morley's genius and attainments. There is current a view which regards this work in a different light as not a successful biography, and as blurring the outlines of Gladstone. Whatever truth there may be in this view it cannot be said that because Morley had not "attained truth" about Gladstone and had not historical perspective, so much insisted upon by scientific historians, the work loses any of its value and usefulness. To say so is to judge it by standards other than that which should be applied to such a work.

Besides these political biographies he has also given us other fruits of his deep reflection and critical study in his "Miscellanies." He was as great a literary critic as a writer. In the field of literary criticism he was mostly attracted by political philosophers and writers like Voltaire, Roussau, Diderot, Guicciardini, Vauvenarges. He had that rare gift of understanding and appreciating men of different intellectual tastes and temperaments, men whose habits of life and lines of activity were fundamentally opposed to his. As a critic, he was throughly disinterested and had the peculiar ability of presenting things in the dry light of facts.

He was equally attracted by the great poets and masters of English—Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelly Browning &c., of whom we get critical studies in his Miscellanies. He was one of the earliest admirers says "The Times" "of Browning's 'Ring and the Book'," that wonderful document of human nature in its subtlest varieties and ramifications, in its glories and weaknesses, which met with "a chorus of disapproval" when it was published. Morley's appreciation of this poem forms, almost the best estimate we have of its worth and usefulness. It is one of his finest critical pronouncements, excellent alike in its vigorous defence of the great poet and its sustained

gravity and finish of diction. The passage I am referring to runs thus :—'After we have listened to whimsical dogmatising about beauty to all the morbid, anatomy to all the well deserved reproch for unpardonable perversities of phrase................................ ....are all wrought together into one self-sufficient music on the other.'

Morely had not much respect for custom and antiquity and did not scruple to look askance at authority. He worshipped at the altar of Reason. And to the last he stood for the triumph of the rational principle in life. This explains to a great extent why, his criticisms are impartial, instructive and balanced. A word about his 'Recollections,' the most popular of his works. "The Recollections" is the record of all that is best in the experience of a man whose mind was nurtured on "the best words of best men" and developed under the elevating influence that springs from contact with great minds as Mill, Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and Newman. We get in it the inmost thoughts, the cherished convictions, the workings of an intricate mind of a man who saw life in its various aspects and vicissitudes clothed in the most delightfully racy and terse style.

If the aim of culture be as Walter Pater says "to live as intense and complete a life as possible" Lord Morley may certainly claim to have attained that end. He was a centre of life and light and his presence and example were a constant "stimulus to culture."

Morley was one of those people whom we cannot exactly put down as either optimist or pessimist. He was both ; he shared the hopes and faith of the one and also the fears and suspicions of the other. He abandoned early in life the dogmas of the original faith which were inherited by him. He did not fear to spell "God" with the small 'g'. Brought up in the school of Mill and Bentham and firmly believing as he did in "the school of free thought, sensational metaphysics and utilitarian morality," Morley ever emphasised on the need for equipping oneself for the battle of life and always pointed out the necessity of taking life as it is, with all its realities and strangeness. He regarded life as a serious business worthy of our noblest efforts, and not "a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can but an elevated and lofty destiny." And his life is shining illustration of this truth.

Morley, was essentially an idealist. His idealism was substantially the same as that of his masters but slightly modified by his peculiarities of temperament and individual experience of life. He was not one of those "impatient idealists" who thirsted for the millennium to come without working for its consummation. Morley was in early life wedded to comparative poverty and had to struggle very hard before he could get a secure footing in life. He had to fight his way up to eminence through circumstances which repressed him.

His idealism was a practical and bracing system of thought built up by a man who made ample allowances for the rough and tumble of the world and had a shrewd sense of the real shape of events. He was too ardent a lover of truth to brook that chimerical idealism which existed only in the poet's imagination. He never lost sight of the real purpose and function of idealism in life. Idealist as he was, he recognised compromise as a vital principle of life. In his famous book of the same name he preached most eloquently the great truth that, the progress of a people, their success and happiness will depend in a great measure on their acceptance or rejection of the principle of compromise and the practice of the various arts of accomodation, economy, and management in their conduct and life. He no doubt blundered at times as in the matter of the Partition of Bengal, which not even all his love of truth could enable him to realise was a great political blunder. This only means that Morley was not infallible and that he also shared "the common frailties of mankind." His idealism invests his life with the peculiar spiritual halo and forms a splendid setting for his great personality. He was like Milton "a lone star dwelling apart," scanning mankind with the sympathetic eye of a lover of humanity and the even temper of a philosopher. One is struck by the equanimity of his disposition, the balance and mental equipoise, which neither the acerbities and failures of political life nor the hard buffets of hate and outrageous fortune could disturb. He may be pronounced to be a good example of the true man of culture whom Newman so beautifully describes as "the intellect which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers which thinks while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, which cannot but be impetuous, patient and majestically calm, because it ever knows where it stands and how its path lies from one path to another."

The Victorian age was an age of heroic men, of men great in various departments of human life—Religion, Science, Literature, Politics, Philosophy, and Social Service. It was a 'massive age' when men attempted and achieved great things. And any one who lived in that age cannot but feel the throb of the Spirit of the Age in his veins. The fewer of ideas, the divine discontent with the world, the revolt against the tyranny of custom and authority, the thirst for Knowledge, the cosmopolitanism which brooked no bounds, the tenacity and simplicity of Victorian England, all find their fullest and best expression in Morley. He is truly a child of his age and represents its ideals, longings, and impulses.

To have lived in an age when England rose to be the leading Power in Europe, when Bright and Cobdon, Harcourt, Gladstone and Rosebery were engaged in their memorable labours, when Spencer, Darwin, Mill, Huxley and Tyndall were widening the horizon of human knowledge, when renowned scientists were revolutionising the world by their wonderful discoveries, when under the enterprise of Dr. Livingstone and other explorers, new worlds were being opened out, when Bismarck and Cavour were still guiding the destinies of Europe and lastly when Tennyson and Browning were giving out to the world, the one his sweet poetry, the other his inspiring message of faith in God and optimism—to have lived in such an age is in itself a great thing. But to have worked side by side with the master-minds of the age and to have contributed to the glories and achievements of the Victorian age is a privilege vouchsafed only to a happy few and Morley was one of that rare band. After a life of high endeavour and lofty purpose, spent in the luxury of doing good, exceeding the psalmist's three score and ten years, Morley, the scholar—statesman—writer, has quitted the scene of his mortal labours. But he will continue to live in his BOOKS, than which there is no better monument of his memorable personality.

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Miscellaneous.

Prime Ministers of Great Britain, A Study.

(continued.)

Rockingham is chiefly remembered now as the early patron of Burke, who on Rockingham's death wrote his epitaph, describing him as "a man worthy to be held in remembrance, because he did not live for himself. Reserved in profession, sure in performance, he laid the foundation of a solid confidence."

Of Shelburne, who has been referred to above, it was said that before he was an ensign he thought himself fit to be a general and to be a leading minister before he ever saw a public office. On his becoming Premier Burke who never trusted him called him "a Borgia, a Catiline, a serpent with two heads." Boswell once asked Johnson if Shelburne was not a factious man. "Oh yes, Sir," replied Johnson, "as factious a fellow as could be found; one who was for sacking us all into the mob". "How, then Sir," said Boswell, "did he get into favour with the king"? "Because, Sir", said Johnson, "I suppose he promised the King to do whatever the King pleased." Disraeli, however, calls him one of the suppressed characters of English history, and the ablest and most accomplished statesman of the eighteenth century. He can scarcely be called a success. The problem is stated thus by another modern Prime Minister: "How is it that a Noble of high lineage and fortune, of great talents and of an intelligence superior to his talents, who was a distinguished soldier before he was twenty-four; who was a Cabinet Minister at twenty-five, and a Secretary of State at twenty-nine, who was Prime Minister at forty-five; and who, to pass beyond dignities, was far beyond his age in enlightenment; a Free Trader, the friend of men like Franklin and Bentham and Morellet, the leader of men like Dunning and Barre; who, if not the friend, had at least the courage to be the admirer of the successful rebel Washington, with whom he had to sign peace;—how was it that this man, so rarely gifted and with opportunities so splendid, should only have touched power to see it vanish for ever from his grasp, and to spend the remainder of his life under universal detestation and distrust?" His son several times refused the office of Prime Minister, and his grandson, the present Marquis of Lansdowne, has had the refusal of a Dukedom.

* * * *

Addington, who succeeded Pitt, was nicknamed "*the Doctor*", as his father had been a medical practitioner. He has been a great success as a Speaker, and he made a great mistake in accepting office. Canning used to say Addington was like the smallpox—every one was obliged to have him once in their lives. Perceval, who was one of the most popular politicians of the day, was shot dead by a lunatic in the lobby of the House of Commons, before he was even fifty. On Goderich, (Mr. Robinson, later the Earl of Ripon) Hazlitt pronounced a panegyric; that perhaps is his sole title to fame. He was dubbed 'prosperity Robinson', and Disraeli called him a transient and embarassed phantom.

We come now to Liverpool. He was plain Mr. Jenkinson to begin with. He soon acquired so much political prestige that George III on several occasions pressed him in vain to accept the office of Prime Minister; and it was not until 1812 that he accepted it, but he had so carefully and wisely chosen his time that he continued to hold that office for 15 years, till 1827. It was about 1812 when Liverpool (who was originally known as Jenkinson) dined once with the famous Madame de Stael, that in course of conversation, she asked him. "What has become of that very stupid man, Mr. Jenkinson?"

The next Premier was Wellington. With a name richly treasured by the army, he entered politics. The world-victor's victor, whom Victoria's poet-laureate called 'great in council and great in war', was only 46 at Waterloo. By the time he accepted the Premiership, he had become an institution. But with his stubborn sense of loyalty to the throne he became Prime Minister, though he resigned in 1831 on the question of the Reforms. Immediately after his resignation he had to pass through a period of unpopularity, hardly less widespread and deep than his erstwhile glory. He was hanged in effigy; the windows of his house were broken by the mob. His watchword, throughout was, "The Queen's Government must be supported".

The Duke was no speaker. Of his abilities as a soldier there is no question; yet he was a lover of peace. "A great country," he used to say, "ought not to make little wars". Another of his sayings was —in reference to diplomacy, "I have no time to do what is not right"—another variation of Wotton's famous definition of a diplomat. In addition to being a Duke, Prime Minister, Commander-in-Chief, Foreign Secretary of State, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he was a Prince in the Netherlands, a Duke in France, Spain and Portugal, a Marshal in seven European countries, and a Knight of 24 orders of Chivalry.

"O Civic Muse, to such a name,
To such a name, for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song".

* * * *

Canning was Pitt's political heir. He had started with Whig proclivities, but soon became Pitt's follower, thus giving rise to the following attack on him:

"The turning of coats so common has grown
That no one thinks now to attack it;
But never yet has an instance been known
Of a school boy turning his jacket".

He was a successful Foreign Secretary, but as Premier he had numerous obstacles, not the least serious of these being his failing health. He died in harness in 1827 after only a few months of office, four months to be exact. "Endowed with perhaps as great natural gifts and as keen an ambition as any Prime Minister, he held that office for the shortest time of them all."

Sir Robert Peel in 1809, at the age of 21, became Under-Secretary of State. With a brilliant double-first in classics and mathematics, at Oxford, like Gladstone after him, he began his career with high hopes. He rose from one office to another, till in 1828 he was appointed by Wellington Home Secretary and Leader of the Commons. It was then that he said, "How are we to get on with the thing? I have no small talk and Peel has no manners." That was unfair. Peel was doubtless shy and reserved; but the haughty exterior concealed a warm heart. He became Premier first in 1834. When in 1839 Melbourne resigned on the Jamaica question, and the Queen sent for Peel, the latter insisted on her dismissing her ladies of the Bedchamber, who all belonged to political families of the opposite camp. The young Queen was obstinate and the negotiations came to nothing. But in 1841, on Melbourne's defeat on a direct 'no confidence' motion, Peel became Premier for a second time and his relations with the Queen soon became cordial.

In 1346 he resigned on his defeat on the Irish Coercion Bill. His final words on the occasion were: "It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice".

Peel was not at the start a promising speaker. Disraeli who pursued him with unrelenting vigilence while alive said that what he really was, and what posterity will acknowledge him to be is the greatest member of Parliament that ever lived. Once when O'Connor had remarked in the House of Commons that he did not care whether the Queen or the Devil was on the throne, Peel drily replied, "when the honourable gentleman sees the sovereign of his choice on the throne of these realms, I hope he will enjoy and I am sure he will deserve the confidence of the Crown."

To Hallam, to the father of Gladstone, to Sir Moses Montiffore he offered baronetcies. To Wordsworth and Tennyson and Owen he gave pensions. Death prevented a similar favour to the wit Thomas Hood. "Dear Sir", wrote Hood, "we are not to meet in the flesh", and adds with pathetic pleasantry, "it is death that stops my pen, you see, not a pension."

His speeches, says Lord Rosebery, represent the best and most potent style of speaking of those days: grave, dignified, weighty, with the roll of phrase which conceals so many defects, and which in an argument acts as a permanent saving clause. There are no alarming flights, and no shivering falls; no torrents or cascades, but an ample flow, clear and strong and abiding. The same brilliant politician ends his fine estimate of Peel by saying, "For then, and now, and for all time, above and beyond that Government and the perished passions of the time, there looms the great figure of the great minister, with feet perhaps of clay as well as iron, but with a heart at least of silver, and a head of fine gold."

* * * *

Lord Grey and Lord John Russell were the last of the Whig Prime Ministers. The former will be remembered as the Minister who was responsible for the Reform Bill of 1831. They were followed by Lords Melbourne and Palmerstone. Lord Melbourne's wife, Lady Caroline Lamb had become infatuated with Byron and Melbourne's domestic life was far from happy. He began official life at the age of forty-eight, as Irish Secretary. When his name was proposed to George IV, the King said: "William Lamb—William Lamb; put him anywhere you like." He was twice Prime Minister, in 1834 for six months and again in 1835, for six years. His remarks used to be shrewd and cynical. "Most letters answer themselves." "What does he want now,"? he asked about an importunate Peer, "is it a garter for the other leg"? But with all his assumed carelessness, his patriotism was firm. When the young Queen was anxious for Prince Albert to be made King Consort, Melbourne bluntly told her: "For God's sake, let's have no more of it, ma'am; for if you once get the English into the way of making Kings, you will get them into the way of unmaking them." "You'd better try to do no good, and then you'll get into no scrapes," was one of his dictums. Mr. Lytton Strachey thus describes Melbourne: The man of the world who had been the friend of Byron and the Regent, the talker whose paradoxes had held Holland House enthralled, the cynic whose ribaldries had enlivened so many deep potations, the lover whose soft words had captivated such beauty and such passion and such wit, might now be seen, evening after evening, talking with infinite politeness to a school girl, bolt upright amid the silence and rigidity of Court Etiquette...... Bound to succeed and to succeed easily, Melbourne was gifted with so fine a nature that success became him. His mind at once supple and copious, his temperament at once calm and sensitive, enabled him not merely to work but to live with perfect facility and with the grace of strength."

Lord Palmerston, to whom we come next had an exceedingly distinguished career. In 1809, when only twenty-five years old, he was offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, but with a modesty rare in a youth, he declined the offer and became Secretary for War. He was one of the greatest Foreign Ministers that England ever had. He did not care much for the rules of Cabinet Unity. Victoria frequently complained that letters were often sent to foreign monarchs in her name, without her knowledge of their contents. "When he became Prime Minister," says Lord Morley, "Palmerston was 71; he had been nearly forty years in office; he had worked at the Admiralty, War department, Foreign Office, Home Office; he had served under ten Prime Ministers—Portland, Perceval, Liverpool, Canning, Goderich, Wellington, Grey, Melbourne, Russell, Aberdeen ....In every art of parliamentary sleight of hand he was an expert, and he suited the temper of the times." Mr. Gladstone declared Lord Palmerstone's handwriting to be one of the two most perfect things he had ever known. G. W. Russel says that Palmerston's style was not only devoid of ornaments and rhetorical device, but it was slipshod and untidy in the last degree. He eked out his sentences with 'Hum' and 'Hah', he cleared his throat, and flourished his pocket handkerchief, and sucked his orange; he rounded his periods with "You know what I mean", and "all that kind of thing", and seemed actually to revel in an anticlimax such as this: "I think the honourable member's proposal an outrageous violation of constitutional propriety, a daring departure from traditional policy, and in short a great mistake".

* * * *

Of Aberdeen and Derby, there is not much to be said here, except that the former was Peel's most trusted lieutenant and that the latter drafted the Queen's Indian Proclamation of 1858. It is now one of the most striking personalities of the last century to whom we come. How was it that a Jew from an undistinguished family, who early incurred the wraths of Peel and O'Connell, who was not shown even the courtesy extended to members of Parliament making their maiden speech, whose dress violated all the canons of convention, whose gestures were absurdly theatrical, who was distrusted by his own party and hated by his opponents, rose yet to the highest position in the state, was twice Prime Minister, was the favourite minister of the Queen and the saviour of the Tory party? Lord Morely speaks of his real size and spaciousness of character; Mr. Buckle, his biographer describes him as a grand and magnificent figure, towering above his contemporaries; Froude says the House of Commons chose him as their best; and Mr. T. P. O'Connor insists that his sole absorbing thought was himself, and asks in conclusion, "which shall posterity most wonder at the audacity of the impostor, or the blindness of the dupe?"

"We were none of us fools", said one of his early contemporaries, "and each man talked his best; but we all agreed that the cleverest fellow in the party was the Young Jew in the green velvet trousers." Disraeli was a great phrasemaker. Phrases like 'organised hypocrisy; plundering and blundering; tea-kettle precedents; mass in masquerade; the key of India is London; historical conscience; the power of spontaneous aversion'—these phrases live. He had

a great mastery over sarcasm. Thus, of Lowe he said, "He is a learned man, though he despises history; but what is more remarkable than his learning is that power of spontaneous aversion which particularises him". Referring to Halifax he said, "Petulance is not sarcasm and insolence is not invective." Gladstone he described as a "sophisticated rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Of Gladstone's first ministry he said, "Her Majesty's Ministers have lived in a blaze of apology"

As a speaker he was not probably very great. He did not possess the commanding personality and penetrating gaze of Chatham, the stateliness and dignity of Pitt, the generous and moving force of Fox; he lacked also the sonorous periods of Canning, the thundering invective of Brougham, the moral fervour of Gladstone. He was deficient in the power of swaying the mind of the audience as he chose; the charm of figure or the attraction of personality were not his. And yet towards the closing years of his life, all England with a mute observance hung on his utterances. He justified his boyish boast that when he should raise his voice in the House of Commons, a dropped pin might be heard, and his speeches are literature of a high order. And then what shall we say of the minor arts of the rhetorician, of irony; of a sense of humour, as when in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford he gravely asked the assembled dons, 'The question is this, is man an ape or an angel? I am on the side of the angels'; of repartee, in which he was as great as Gladstone of whom it was said by Aberdeen that he was terrible on the rebound; of pungent scarcasm; of exaggerated politeness; of freezing indifference?

Late in life, Disraeli said to Mathew Arnold, "You have heard me called a flatterer, and it is true. Every man likes flattery, and when you come to Royalty you should lay it on with a trowel." His decline was rapid. He had reached the highest pinnacle of success, but his health began to fail. A visitor at his home about this time found him gazing into the fire, and murmuring, "Dreams, dreams." Was he thinking of his recent bereavements, or the short transitory tenure of worldly fame which as the great Florentine says is like the breath of wind that blows now one way and now another way, and changes name as it changes quarter? Forty years after his departure from the scene of his fevered activities, when the Primrose League is dead and anti-Disraelism has disappeared, let us remember the words of his great life-long rival who commended Disraeli's strength of will, his long-sighted persistency of purpose, his remarkable powers of self-government, his great parliamentary courage.

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